

SUNDAY, APRIL 5, 1903

ONCE there was a Youth who tackled the Mercantile Career at a very light Stipend. His chief Ambition in Life was to get so far ahead of the Game that he could afford a nice Cutaway Suit, a swell Derby for Sunday and a 14-karat De Beers set in a massive Gold Band.

He learned to embrace the Country Trade and talk 175 Words per Minute, so that in a little while he had an Offer from an Opposition Concern. Whereupon he said he hated to leave, but— And the House stood for an Increase.

He came into the Cutaway and the Ring and then he found that he needed a Spike-Tail and a Folding Hat and a Cape Coat. His Glad Raiment carried him right into Bustle, and he began to meet Gazelles that suited him, so he figured on the Probable Expense of Keeping House.



He came into the cutaway and the 14-karat De Beers.

MODERN

By George Ade.

FABLES.

The Modern Fable of the Galley Slave Who Was Just About to But Never Did.

He thought that if he could annex a good-looking Tottie with large, soulful Eyes and take an Apartment and keep a Girl, then he would be fixed for sure. So he went out for more Salary and carried the Bank Book next to his Heart. At last the Proud Day arrived when he had his own Flat with a rented Piano in the Front Room and Tiddles on the Chairs. Before the Lease expired, Pet discovered that the Dining Room was too small and began to dream Dreams of a House of their Own in which they could Entertain. So he tucked back his Cuffs and took a fresh Grip on the World of Trade and boned like a Turk, making Payments on the House. He was beginning to look round-shouldered, but he drank plenty of Coffee and smoked fat Cigars and buckled down.

He had it all planned to take a good Rest as soon as he had lifted the Mortgage. He went so far as to send out for Time Tables and look at the Pictures of People sitting around in Steamer Chairs enjoying the Sea Air.

He would have taken a nice long Vacation, only he saw a Chance to break into the Firm. Accordingly he went in Debt up to his Eyes. He would lie awake at Night casting up his Liabilities and computing Interest. He talked to himself on the Street and acted just the least bit Dippy. But he was determined to swing the Deal, and then, as soon as he was out of the Woods, he could take a Trip and hang around Picture Galleries and ride in Gondolas and have the Time of his Life with nothing to worry him.

For Years he had said that it was a Crime for any one Man to pile up more than \$100,000. As soon as he went above that Figure it was a Case of Sitting up Nights to count it. As soon as he had that Hundred Thousand raked up and tied in Bundles, then for a quiet Spot near a Body of Water and a Naphtha Launch and the free open Life of the Golf Links.

To the 50-cent Table d'Hote Fellow 100,000 Samplings in one Lump looks bigger than the Union Station, but the Man who is being gnawed by the Mazuma Bacillus thinks he is a Pauper unless he can count up Seven Figures. He is always sitting up alongside of Rockefeller and Morgan, and he feels

like a Piker sitting in a stiff Poker Game with one White Seed.



He had fourteen push buttons in front of him and kept two stenographers busy.

Just about the time the Business Man counted up \$100,000 to the Good, he discovered that he needed seven Servants around the House. And the Missus could float down town on a sunny Afternoon and make \$1,000 look like a Pinch of Snail Change.

He set his Mark at One Million. Then, when he had that, out to the Sylvan Dell, He was going to be a Gentleman Farmer.

Every Office Building on Earth is congested with hollow-eyed Prisoners who are planning to be Gentleman Farmers—about next Year or Year after—away from the Hurly Burly and nothing to do except raise Chickens.

All of them have those Chicken Dreams. This Business Man whom we are describing even went so far as to pick out the kind of Chickens he was going to raise—Plymouth Rocks. He figured how many Eggs he could get per Hen, and sometimes, when the Pencil was working well, he estimated that he could make the Place self-supporting.

In the meantime he was humping himself and eating Pepsin Tablets and taking a little something every Night to make him Sleep.

The Business had developed so that he had fourteen Push-Buttons in front of him and kept two Stenographers busy and was jumping from the Long-Distance Phone to the Private Office most of the Time and chewing up 30-Cent Cigars, and in other Ways giving a correct Imagination of a Man who has a large and ambitious Family on Hand.

He began to look Wild out of the Eyes and had a severe case of the Jumps, but he had to postpone that Rest for a little While, because no one else understood all the Details of the Business.

When the Doctor hinted about Nervous Prostration he said that he was trying to get the whole Organization down to a System so that someone else could step in and run it, after which he expected to take a Place in the Country and raise Chickens. He told the Chicken Story so often that he began to believe it himself.

In order to systematize the Large Business so that he could turn it over to someone else and then have

his Vacation, he began to put in sixteen hours a Day, and landed in the large Corner Room, with a Trained Nurse putting ice on his Head and telling him he would be all right in a Day or so.

He had a Ticker put in at one side of the Bed and kept a Stenographer on hand up to the Afternoon that he departed this Life.

It is said that when he went to his Reward he was met by a Celestial Attendant, who proved to be the Recording Angel.

"If you're the Recording Angel, get out your Book," said the Business Man. "I want you to take a few Letters for me."

MORAL: The Chicken Ranch is always in the Future Tense.

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He had a ticker put by his bedside and kept a stenographer on hand till he died.

A LITERARY LETTER

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HENRIK IBSEN is said to be so ill that the festivities in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday have had to go on without him. Newspaper dispatches describe him as a "mental and physical wreck." From all accounts, it would seem that one of the few remaining giants is about to take his rest. Ibsen, Bjornson, Tolstoi, Meredith, Swinburne, all giants in their way, and only five of them left. That they have all done their work, and done it well, and that their going will make us no poorer, is, of course, true enough. They can no more take their books with them than the rich man can take his gold. Yet, though "the loss" of a great man—a completed great man, so to say—is largely a fallacy of the imagination, there is a sense in which the dying of such men, however safely reaped and stored their harvest may be, is a loss. It is a loss to our imagination, at all events. There is always something inspiring in the thought of great personalities actually living somewhere in the world at the same time as ourselves. They give a spaciousness to the times, and, moreover, keep the world reminded of the truth that greatness and great

men, and the heroic way of living are not mere legends of a past age. Even though they may have ceased to be actively great, their continued presence in the world, by virtue of their prestige, exerts a strong if silent influence. "And did you once see Shelley plain?" How eagerly some of us will be asked a few years hence the same question about the men I have named!

Some day I shall be able to say, my voice quivering with age, that I once saw Ibsen take his lunch at the cafe of the Grand hotel, Christiania—and even spoke a few words with him. But, as he doesn't speak English and I don't speak Norwegian, our conversation, carried on with the assistance of a friend who spoke both, was naturally limited in its nature. Still, I saw for myself the stony, fierce-whiskered old face, dear to the caricaturist, irascibly intellectual, and an expression something between a German professor and a Japanese war-god. Externally, indeed, Ibsen was nothing if not professional—with a touch of the dandy. A rather funereal dandy—for he was dressed all in black broadcloth, a frock coat of portentous length being the most noticeable garment, though his white tie and a scrupulously polished silk

hat were hardly less impressive. Instead of a walking stick he carried a carefully folded umbrella. A figure more grimly spick and span it is difficult to imagine. Thus attired he was to be seen every day about noon walking down the main street to the Grand hotel, and his daily pilgrimage was a national event. The passers-by greeted him respectfully, and in the cafe itself he was pointed out to strangers, like a public monument. "That is our great poet, Dr. Ibsen," you would be told; for Norway, after practically driving him into exile for years, has grown to be proud of its Grand Old Man. I should rather have said of one of its Grand Old Men, for Norway, of course, has two to be proud of, and my sight of Ibsen was all the more interesting to me, because I had just come from a visit to Bjornson and was thus able to compare the two giants.

A greater contrast than the two men is hardly conceivable. Ibsen, saturnine, magisterial, forbidding; Bjornson, an open-hearted sun-god, full of frank speech and mighty laughter. Never shall I forget my first sight of him as he stood on the veranda of his country house of Aulestad, near Lillehammer, his splendid white hair glittering in the morning sun-

shine, and his great arms extended to us, half as it seemed in welcome, half in benediction—for he looked like what, indeed, he is, some beautiful father of his people. "Welcome to Aulestad!" he called to our little party of three pilgrims, as we alighted from our quaint little Norwegian carriages—"carrole," do they call them? He stood there, hatless, and with a bath towel over his shoulder, and explained that he was just off to his morning bath in the torrent that comes down the pinewood at the back of his house. Wouldn't we join him? So off we all went up through the wood, and came at length to a place where the little river makes a waterfall of some ten feet. This was Bjornson's morning bath; and there, with his back against the rock and the water dashing over his shoulders, his great lion-like head laughing amid the spray, it was as though one had caught a glimpse of Saturn in the woods.

Thence, returning, it was our privilege to share for a little while in the beautiful home life of Aulestad, and to understand what a good, lovely nature, as well as a great man, Bjornson is. It is not strange that he is loved by the whole Norwegian people, for it can seldom have happened that goodness and power,

strength and gentleness, have been so wonderfully united in one man. Ibsen may be, and doubtless is, the intellectual king of Norway, but Bjornson is as certainly its spiritual head. That the men should have been lifelong rivals was inevitable, and two rivals more strikingly contrasted and more evenly matched could not be. It must have been hard on both of them to find their children making up the old feud with a kiss, for, as everyone knows, Sigmund Ibsen married Bergliot Bjornson. Beautiful Bergliot Bjornson! I once saw her, too—but, alas! like Ibsen, she couldn't talk English. Yet I fear I didn't mind it so much in Ibsen's case. And a propos her marriage, a quaint little story is told which is worth retelling. The two great fathers had been brought so far as to agree to the marriage, but at the wedding feast an embarrassing point of precedence arose. Which of the two great men was to walk before the other? The difficulty vanished by their good humoredly walking arm in arm. So, I think, their work ended, and their rivalries forgotten, they will some day enter the Temple of Fame.

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AUCTION SALE

To enable W. M. McConahay to buy the Sharp interest of the McConahay-Sharp Jewelry Co., we will offer without LIMIT OR RESERVE the entire stock of this firm to the highest bidder at PUBLIC AUCTION—Sale will begin Saturday, April 4th, at 2:30 and 7:30, continuing each day until we have realized \$10,000. This stock consists of such goods as are kept by first class jewelers. No inferior or trashy goods in it. WE NEED THE MONEY. Come and buy the goods at your own price. Watches, Diamonds, Clocks, Jewelry, Cut Glass, Sterling and Silver-plated Ware, Ebony Goods, Novelties, Etc., everything goes. We must raise \$10,000 out of this stock REGARDLESS of what the goods cost. W. M. McConahay will continue the business at the old stand after this sale. The quality of every article sold guaranteed as represented. No customer allowed to go away dissatisfied.

SALES 2:30 AND 7:30 P. M.

McConahay-Sharp Jewelry Co.

41 WEST SECOND SOUTH ST.

The Celebrated Jewelry Auctioneer, J. F. Turner of Chicago, will Conduct this Sale. LADIES ESPECIALLY INVITED.